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Cover photo of The Nils by Eyal Kattan & Miklos LeGrady

as always...thanks to the McGill Daily

KRAK logo designed by Brendan Weston

WAZOO

Geez, I wish I was smarter. I wanted to write an editorial that somehow brought *(1)* together all the most turbulent elements of my personal life (I know you don't think this is important, but I don't feel like trying not to include it), *(2)* working at CKUT (formerly CFRM) as it prepares to make the Big Jump to FM 90.3, *(3)* kitsch-mania and the Montreal music scene, *(4)* the chickenheads TM who forget that: "There's more to summer than just waxing your board" (You know who you are), *(5)* the "are bald men sexier" question *(6)* assorted quotes from Braindead *(7)* Why I've played *Battle Hymn of the Apartment* over 500 times this summer *(8)* more turbulent elements from my personal life, *(9)* how the word "alternative" in Montreal has come to equate with music that is oriented towards young, white, self-proclaimed hip, heterosexual males and how CKUT plans to break away from this rut *(10)* absolutely nothing about Oliver North, Vanna White, Tammy Faye Baker or Donna Rice. I think we've had quite enough. *(11)* the Dark Connection between Ayatollah Khomeini, the Sandinistas and BBO's. *(12)* why I'm crabby all the time, *(13)* KRAK's exclusive Wendy Henry nudes, *(14)* why the monkey fell out of the tree, *(15)* why CKUT 90.3 FM is a Good Thing, *(16)* the entire plotline of "Empire of the Ants" and *(17)* more intriguing facts from my personal life.

I was going to tie it all together wittily and eloquently and give it some pretentious title like "Summer 1987, a Loss of Innocence," but the left side of my brain is the size of a peanut and couldn't possibly handle producing a coherent, thought-provoking piece, so I am reduced to dealing with each respective issue individually, in point form:

(1) There's more room for this later, I don't feel like getting to the real nasty stuff yet. Well, okay, just a little... since I broke up with the love of my life I've been sleeping with the entire staff of Pulse news.

(2) CKUT is putting the final touches on its new program schedule and completely rearranging and expanding its McTavish shed studios. The Programming Commitee, made up of each departmental head has been meeting twice a week after returning from a weekend retreat at which a Statement of Principles and skeleton program schedule was worked out. Someone (who, out of the goodness of my heart, will remain unnamed) farted REALLY LOUD at one of the long retreat meetings, giving us all a good chuckle. We do have a sense of humour, you know.

(3) Plastic 50's furniture is back, and it still sucks. I bet very few individuals in the Montreal music scene have bought new old plastic 50's stuff or think Pink Flamingos are funny anymore. I don't.

(4) You still know who you are.

(5) "No." "Not usually." "I don't think so." "I would have to say, in a general sense, of course, no." "Never." "Not on your life." Yes, I think they are the sexiest men on the face of this planet o baby o baby o baby." " I would say no." "Nope." "No fucking way."

(6) "Rome was built in a day, but it still looks like shit."

(7) Okay, so I lied before. I'm not sleeping with the entire Pulse news staff, my ex is though, so I hope he gets really pissed off and embarrassed now that the cat's out of the bag, so there.

(9) A lot of smart people I know think that "alternative" music means, like, hardcore and, like, fratboy skinheads and sicko druggie deathrocker industrialist beatbox music. Well, it does, kind of. CKUT will be offering a wide variety of alternative music, music of various cultures, times, styles, themes and degrees of listening. This principle applies in general to all CKUT production and spoken word programming. CKUT is a community FM station and will stress Montreal issues and artists in every element of its programming.

(10) See, absolutely nothing.

(11) Sandinistas? Could it possibly be, oh, I don't know, SATANistas? Ayatollah Khomeini wears black clothing and has a beard, so do many Sandinistas. Often, both parties get thirsty and there is a shortage of good bottle openers in both Iran and Nicaragua. The connection? The Bottom Bottle Opener (BBO), or is it *Beelebub's Best Offer*? Think about it.

(12) I'm crabby all the time because I was in love and it didn't work out. So fuck off.

(13) We have 'em Wendy. You and your whole family.

(14) Because it was dead.

(15) See number 9. Also because we have the cutest FM consultant in the whole world.

(16) Okay, Joan collins and these three people (one is a girl whose shirt keeps falling off and then she falls in water or mud) run away from these big ants, who eventually capture them. Joan Collins gets ant-gassed in the ant-gassing chamber and then comes out and says "Don't worry, they don't want to hurt us, they want to help us, they are our friends." then everyone dies except her and some guy and the girl with the ripped shirt.

(17) I lied again. I'm sorry. These things are hard to deal with sometimes, you know? I mean, not everyone's life is always fun and sometimes its sad and kind of lonely and you kind of miss someone so, like.. gimme a break, okay, its embarrassing enough.

There you have it, the ultimate editorial. Combining revelant fact with tough, but sensitive witticisms and lots of things abvout my personal life. CKUT 90.3 FM is coming your way this fall, on which you'll hear absolutely none of my wacky facts or endless bitching... you're going to love it.

I dig your wig.
Jenn Allen

I had nothing to do with this one folks....
Patrick Hamou

co.1987 J.Hernandez

Contents

Urban Notes 4
Ex-Lion Tamers 7
A Reggae Message 8
Sons of the Desert 9
Four Colour Madness 10
Stranded in the Jungle 11
The Nils 12
RPM's 14
7 Nights to Rock 18
Skinny Puppy 19
On Tape 20
Wildlife Dying Out? 21
CKUT Top 30 22

URBAN NOTES

CHINESE BACKWARDS

Out of the ashes of Ethnic Drivers and The Pariahs, comes Chinese Backwards, comprised of Alan, lead vocals and guitar, Laz, bass, Emer, keyboards and guitar, and Dave on drums. Formed just before the cold winter months, live performances and rehearsing have been the mainstay for this quartet. In the past little while, gigs have included a couple at Foufounes, including the launch of the Stamp Axe fanzine, and a Sunday night at Secrets. They also performed a show for a crowd of physically handicapped which went over really well, gaining the same reaction given to the American Devices show at the Douglas Hospital. " It was really fun ", recalls Laz, "they loved it and want us back soon."

Reaction to their demo cassette has been rather positive, including spotlights on Chom's NMF and CBC's Brave New Waves, even though thet feel the production on the demo could have been better. The song-writing is a group collaboration, centering around lead vocalist Allan, and is quite a departure from what Laz was doing with The Pariahs. "I enjoyed playing with the Pariahs" explains Laz, "but I wanted to get some more poppier tunes in there as well, instead of being so very garagy all the time. The things we're doing now (Chinese Backwards) are more along the lines of what I want to do".

Possible plans for the future are a 12" release later this year. In the meantime, the demo has been sent out to various campus radio stations, and the band will be continuing to do some live shows locally.

They feel confident about the local scene, and should be a note-worthy addition to it's ever growing public.

"Look guys . . . it's that Egan kid again!"

OOPS!!

OOPS! Due to our own sillyness, we forgot to typeset enough credits for photographer Owen Egan in our May issue of KRAK. The credits follow as such: Condition,page 5 (both), Deja Voodoo (all photos), page 6,7,8, Jerry Jerry (both page 9), Ray Condo,Mongols, page 18,19,20, DAFP, EJ Brule, page 21,22 (all 3). Whew...there you go, sorry about that Owen...

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From the 11th to the 19th of September , Ultimatum will present a series of contemporary writers, performance artists and musicians. These artists represent the ' state of the art' of new literature ,employing the newest methods and technologies available to them.

Anglophone and Francophone artists invited from across Canada, New York and London will be presented live at Theatre Le Milieu. Many other activities will take place during Ultimatum II: video and film presentations, book, record and magazine launchings, conferences on the publication of literary journals,"the cultural desertification" in Quebec, North America and abroad, as well as an exhibition of computer literature (Images du Futur, at Montreal's Vieux Port).

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O.Egan

On June 24, Montreal lost its highest hipster: hillbilly beatnik Kim Shadow. As leader of The Mongols and as an artist and cartoonist, Kim was a fundamental source of inspiration to both his close friends and his aquaintances. His talents, sense of humour, and way of looking at life took the piss out of all things pretentious and square around us. Kim was a tough-minded rock 'n' roller. After all, you just can't make the kind of souped-up sounds he made with The Mongols without being tough-minded. And yet Kim was the epitome of kindness and generosity. He really believed in living everyday to its maximum intensity. Without a doubt, that's what he did till the end.

Kim's death isn't an easy thing to take. We'll miss that gleefully demented Pepsi rocker a helluva lot. Nevertheless his spirit will remain very much alive in those he touched the most. It will live in everyone who loves rock 'n' roll deeply and passionately in a city which doesn't put too much value on the stuff. One of Kim's ambitions was to shake up this town as only he could. That he was succeeding is testimony to his gifts. And as far as where Kim's at right now, well, heh heh, only the Shadow knows for sure.

So long Ray, you'll be missed.
-the staff of CKUT

LOCAL CASSETTE PLANS

After some discussions held at the N.C.R.A (National Campus Community Radio Association) back in mid-July, an idea was raised that radio stations exchange cassettes featuring local bands from each city. CKUT has decided to start this project as early as possible, but we need the bands to do it! Local bands are encouraged to participate inthis project, and recieve the chance to be heard on college stations all across the country.Please note that this cassette will 'not' be for sale, only sent off to stations in Canada, in exchange for them. Interested bands should send their demos, along with bio's, to CKUT 90.3 FM, 3480 McTavish,suite B-11, Montreal, Quebec. H3A 1X9. Attn. Patrick Hamou/or France Chevalier.

Evening classes on the history of rock n' roll are being given this fall by McGill Continuing Education, and by Champlain College Continuing Education at their St.Lambert - Longueuil campus.

The course covers the blues, jazz, folk, gospel, and country roots of rock, and such developments as rockabilly, doo-wop, R & B and soul, various British invasions, psychedelic, folk-rock,fusion, disco, heavy metal, punk, revivals, alternative, and more.

Craig Morrison, leader of the Momentz band and a writer-researcher on music, is the instructor.

Both courses start in September and meet once a week for ten weeks. The McGill section will meet Thursday evenings; for registration information call 398-6166. The Champlain College section will meet Tuesday evenings; call 672-6241 for registration information.

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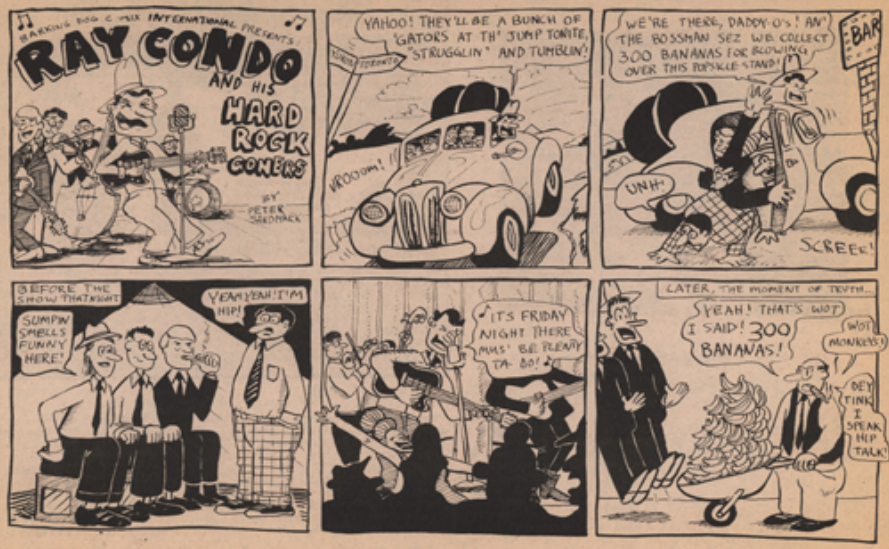

WIRE YOU EX-LION TAMERS?

by Braindead

About 350 people shuffled into Café Campus to see Wire, reformed after a six year separation. There's an air of confusion in the club because no one knows who is supposed to be the opening act. Some advertising stated that Disappointed a Few People would be opening, while others said it would be the Ex-Lion Tamers. Montrealers know about DAFP, but who are the Ex-Lion Tamers?

At about ten o'clock, the lights dimmed and four unlikely looking rock stars take to the stage. None of them was Ian Stephens, so this must be the Ex-Lion Tamers. And without even a hello, they settle into a set of music featuring the sound of '77.

But wait, the music sounds vaguely familiar. That's because the Ex-Lion Tamers are playing Wire's first album, *Pink Flag*; song by song and in order. "We were Wire fans," explained Jim Derogatis (drums/vocals), "and we loved *Pink Flag*. We started the band for fun. We played frat houses for beer, but we were also in others bands.

And don't think that the Ex-Lion Tamers are just another cover band. They are miles away from such acts as The Blushing Brides or Trés Hombres. The financial gains apparent with the above mentioned bands in no way has ever influenced the Ex-Lion Tamers. "It's fun," continued John Tanzer (guitar/vocals), "We never thought we would bo anywhere/"

So why are these four Jerseyites opening up for one of the most important (sic) reunion tours of the 80s? According to Derogatis, it was due to a series of coincidences and lucky breaks. "I wrote for *The Bob* and I went to New York to interview Colin Newman (of Wire)." During the interview, Derogatis mentioned that he was in a band that only played material from *Pink Flag*. "Colin asked me to send him a tape. We didn't have one so I just forgot about it."

But Colin Newman didn't forget. On the eve of going to Europe, Derogatis received a call from the Wire camp asking for an Ex-Lion Tamers tape. "I'm getting ready to go to Europe and I get a call for a tape that doesn't exist," he explains. "So I called everyone up at midnight and told them that we had to record it. It took us six hours and then we sent the tape off." The attitude of the band, which still continues, was "What the hell."

Time went by and the tape forgotten again. Derogatis received another call from Wire's management ("Two days after my phone was connected") and the rest is history. The Ex-Lion Tamers were hired to support Wire's North American tour. Now there is talk about a European stint and a recording contract. When will this fantasy trip end for the jEx-Lion Tamers? John Tanzer simply says that they're in it for the shole ride.

Note: if you ever run into Colin Newman and ask him who the major influences of Wire are, don't be surprised if he grins and tells you it's the Ex-Lion Tamers.

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UPRISING

A REGGAE MESSAGE

by Janice Dayle

Jah Cutta

Jah Cutta and his Determination Band are always on the move. However, Cutta found a few minutes to rap awhile to keep us up to date on the band's comings (happenings).

KRAK: Although we all started out playing, how did your group start out?

Cutta: First of all, I always liked to DJ, (tap over dub plates) at dances, clubs and so on, until it reached the point where I was invited to be the opening act at shows for stars like Sheik Pulse, Yellowman, Peter Tosh, and Black Uhuru. Being on the 'big' and seeing the positive response of the large audiences, I realized that in the dance hall I was not being exposed to a large enough audience. At this point, the decision to leave the dance hall and form a band was made. After meeting and reasoning (talking) with Trevor (guitarist), the idea got off the ground, and we set out to find musicians. Neil, the bassy (bas player) was recruited. Others have come and gone, but the basic Determination - Neil, Trevor, and I - stand firm. Paul has been our drummer for two years strong.

KRAK: Are there any others in the lineup?

Cutta: Sure...four months ago we added a 'wicked' (excellent) horn section, featuring Dave on trombone, Judy on the saxophone, and Bill on trumpet. We have 'man' like Andre playing lead guitar occasionally and in the near future Maytone will join as another lead singer. Right now I do both singing and D.J.

KRAK: Maytone...Is that the same person who sang on the soundtrack for the movie 'Rockers'?

Cutta: Yeh man, same one. This man has hits like 'Money Worries' and 'Mr. Postman'. He is a veteran...'serious and hard'.

KRAK: I noticed that you did not participate in the recent Montreal Reggae Festival. Were you off traveling or are there other reasons?

Cutta: Well, we were around, but MAN—the money that was being offered was not acceptable to us. I understand that it (the festival) was basically a good vehicle for promoting reggae and local bands in particular, but it was hard to accept that amount of 'change'. The money was one thing, but during the decision process (of whether we should participate or not) we questioned where our band would perform. I did not like the choice of venues—you see, we are one of the more popular bands, and we would have preferred if organizers had arranged for a larger venue—at least. Right now the point is that reggae is not no little underground thing. It is OUTSTANDING AND BIG music. This music needs to come up and out.

KRAK: So...what have you been busy with lately?

Cutta: Busy...yes, we've been very busy. First of all we played at the newly opened Island Club for a weekend. Jamaica Day in Kent Park, The Peel Pub, and the Jazz Festival were the locations for other local performances. Our travels took us to Quebec City, Calgary—where we participated in the 6th annual Caribbean Festival—, and Vermont, where we joined bands like Lambsbread and The Meditations in the Vermont Reggae Festival.

KRAK: What about studio work—anything coming up?

Cutta: Arrangements are nowbeing made for the band to go in the studio to start working on the album to be called Tribute.

KRAK: Since your last release, the single also called Tribute, we have not heard anything from you on the record scene.

Cutta: That's true. What happened was that we sort of waited on one particular producer who showed great interest. Upon running out of patience we decided to do things on our own, and the album should be released by December.

KRAK: Where will you be appearing in the near future?

Cutta: We are presently scheduled to perform at The Waterfront Park for the N.D.G. Community Festival, as well as at Peel Pub. In September we will hit the road again and head Toronto's Bamboo Club.

KRAK: What style of reggae do you prefer to sing?

Cutta: D.J. and...anything. I am an entertainer. Flexibility is necessary—I try any style.

~

MUTABARUKA

Mutabaruka, the epitamy of nononsense root of the roots straight forwardness, appeared at the Paladium for the touring Sunsplash 87 performance. Muta, whose mode of reggae takes the form of what is called referred to as dub poetry, gave these views.

KRAK: I really appreciate the sounds that you chant because it is important to have artists who travel all over the world spreading messages such as yours. Do you feel that your messages are actually reaching many people? What kind of reception and reaction do you get?

Muta: We feel that we are reaching many people. Since we started touring in '82, the crowd and the response of the crowd is much larger now. The number of records distributed has also grown. I guess that is one of the ways of accessing whether or not the message is being received positively.

KRAK: What do you want to communicate through your art form?

Muta: We want to communicate that the realities of life exist outside the fantasies that make people feel that nothing is taking place! We want to communicate the struggles of black people...oppressed people all over the world. We want to communicate that South Africa must be free by any means necessary and no matter what they do or say, that is a reality that must take place on earth. So we try to awaken the conscience and consciousness of the people who listen to the poem; in that way they themselves can in turn do something about the situation.

KRAK: In terms of the record sales then, we know that people are definately grasping your words. Is this worldwide, or just in Jamaica?

Muta: No, it's worldwide...you know...America, Europe, Africa...everywhere.

KRAK: How long have you been writing dub poetry?

Muta: Writing...well I have been writing since 1968. Now people call it dub poetry because of the music that accompanies it, but the music doesn't have anyhting to do with the poetry. Dub is just the music behind the poet. It is not necessarily dub poetry all the time—because sometimes we do it (poetry) with music, and sometimes without—you know. We don't like the term dub poetry either; it tends to limit you into a certain category. We see the poetry as more important than the dubbing that is taking place. 'Cause everyone sings or D.J.'s (raps) over reggae music, our emphasis is not on the music, our emphasis is on what the poetry is emphasising or trying to put across. So it is just POETRY—you know—it's not necessarily dub poetry.

KRAK: So do you find the music makes it easier to get the message across?

Muta: No...it makes it easier to get into places where we could not normally go with just poetry. Like—we've been to alot of places and carry (travel with) the band, but sometimes we take the opportunity to speak to the audience—to read some of the poems without music. So we develope a kind of communication. Still, we carry the band...the band is important in terms of bringing the body into the vibes of the sounds.

KRAK: How do the North American audiences receive you versus Jamaican audiences?

Muta: Jamaican people respond in the same way as North Americans, they get right into the music mainly. Still, Jamaican people listen to the words, but they have a tendency to prefer the music. The Europeans respond differently. You can tell that they love the music, but they really want to understand what is being said. Maybe as a result of trying so hard to understand the language, they get deeper into it. The Africans respond in a more sentimental fashion; they see us as someone coming from far away, yet emphasising the same points as they do. They see where the message relates to their struggle—there is more emotion there.

KRAK: Do you get a great deal of airplay in Jamaica?

Muta: No, we hardly get any airplay in Jamaica—only on special occasions or if people make special requests. This music is just not played everyday.

KRAK: What form of reggae is most popular now in Jamaica?

Muta: Right now the D.J. style is.

KRAK: Do you find that a ny of the D.J.'s are putting across relevant messages such as yours?

Muta: The D.J. is really into rhythm business and dance hall and joke business. The D.J.'s that really say something—like Big Youth—are no longer around. The ones that are going around now have alot of derrogative things to say about women. You know—they are into sex and all of those things. Most of the D.J.'s now are either talking about women sexually or homosexuals or some sexual things. The people love it because the music of the D.J. makes them forget their troubles and dance more.

KRAK: So, they are really grasping those mesages rather than something more beneficial to their minds.

Muta: Yeh...you see, people try to run from reality; if they have something like that making them forget reality, they jump to it.

KRAK: What inspired you to start writing poetry?

Muta: Things...people. Simple little things sometimes, things that we remember or see on television, even what we read in the papers. People's way of doing things—like politicains, religious people or just normal man—you know.

KRAK: How many albums have you released so far?

Muta: We have three albums—Check It, Out Cry, and Mystery Unfolds.

KRAK: Any more to come in the near future?

Muta: No, not now. We are going to work on another book.

KRAK: It is interesting that you refer to yourself as we. Most rastaman say I and I...

Muta: We is just we...you know.

KRAK: Alright...Give Thanks.

~

SONS OF THE DESERT

by Robert Di Blasio

Not too long ago I had the pleasure of speaking to the rhythm section of Sons of the Desert, Maureen (bass) and Jimmy (drums). They are two very nice people no matter what Deja Voodoo says. More on that later. We had a very nice 45 minute chat and in the course of our talk we covered various topics What I have done is, I have taken some of the more interesting ones and put them down in print for you.

Maureen (on joining the band): "This was the first Montreal band, since the first band that I played with, that I really liked. They really made me feel like getting up and dancing. They weren't too tight but they were good."

"...I don't really give a shit about pretention, being in a band and thinking how totally cool we are. I like to be in a band and have fun and generate the most fun possible. I saw how much fun the band and the audience had. Also their bassist was leaving for Australia."

Jimmy: " Then she started bugging me."

Maureen: " Bullshit! you asked me."

Jimmy: " I know." (laughs)

About the Demo

Maureen: " I wasn't on it and I thought it pretty much sucked."

Jimmy: " I don't know, for the first time in the studio I thought it was pretty great. Because at the time we did the demo, we weren't as tight. We had been together 4 to 5 months, so it was really good for the time.

On the Album

Maureen: " We were probably going to do it on a 16 track over a period of time and go broke trying to finish it. We're still going broke over this one, and we're still pretty much in the hole. One of the reasons we were happy to have 24 tracks is that we didn't have that much money and the more tracks you have, the quicker you can do it."

Jimmy: " Actually, most people think that the more tracks you have the slicker it will be, but I don't think so..."

On the Songs

Maureen: " Most of the stuff on the album is really old. It's really like early stuff. Actually there is only one song that was written after I joined."

Jimmy: " ...the first song Sons of the Desert wrote was " Best Thing" and I said, come on, how is it ever going to sound different than this. You're never going to play it any different."

Maureen: " We do now." (laughs)

Jimmy: " Yeah! We do now. That was the funny thing..."

On being labeled

Maureen: " ...anybody who has a half a brain and listens to our music can see that maybe we used to listen to ska."

Jimmy: " I like ska. It's my influence."

Maureen: " It's my influence too but it is kind of annoying that people label us that...it might inhibit some people from coming to see us. Oh! Some stupid ska band, I don't want to hear that. We played in this club called One step Beyond. It was so ska it had checkered floors and they thought we were mod or ska. So there are all these prim little mods standing around. Then we started playing and they were like, OH!! MY GOD!! and they all left. The people who stayed really got into it."

About Deja Voodoo

Jimmy: " Deja Voodoo suck! We have to make that known."

Maureen: " I didn't say that Jimmy said that, and I just want Deja Voodoo to know that we have eaten our share of Kraft dinners. So they should just keep their noses out of our personal history of our families."

Jimmy: " Seriously, the guy says that we are rich kids. I don't have any money, and I don't know how I'm going to get home after this. That pissed me off. Our manager thinks it's great press..."

On Touring

Maureen: "We're doing a 35 city tour of the U.S. and parts of Canada...I wish that we could take along a bus load of our friends with us."

Jimmy: " Yeah! that would be fun; then they could get sick of us for a bit. Thirty-five shows, I'd hope that we'd get to keep someof our friends after having them listen to us for that many shows."

Maureen: "...we're hoping to openino acts for people, because that way you already have an audience. Like if you go alone it's harder. Like if you are in Nebraska, Sons of the Desert at Ed's Cafe is not going to drive them in by the hordes. I have the strange feeling that we're going to be on the hardcore bills and we're going to get things thrown at us."

On Past Tours

Jimmy: " We're used to playing here with everybody crowding the stage, and Maureen or Naomi getting bumped in the face with their mike stands. Then we leave and we go to places that have five people in the back, two cowboys, an old woman, and two guys clapping and yelling Bravo!"

Maureen: " ...in Hamilton nobody was dancing, but they liked us."

Jimmy: " They did dance after."

Maureen: " Yeah! they danced after we practically payed them to. Except for this bum who stood on his head in the middle of our encore."

Jimmy: "It was the greatest thing in the world."

Maureen: " He had this sort of ritual. He took out his hankerchief and danced around with it and then put it down on the floor and he stood on his head. I couldn't stop laughing."

Jimmy: " He was the best."

Maureen: "...the smaller towns are almost always better places to play because the people there who are not afraid to have a good time. You don't have all the fucking pretention that you have in the big cities."

Jimmy: " Also in the big cities you can get lost in the shuffle. Like in Toronto there are absolutely a million things happening every night. So people got what to choose—Sons of the Desert, what the fuck is that. So we end up playing to one fat guy."

Maureen: " He was hilarious."

Jimmy: " He was going ' Yeah! Yeah! I forget alot. I forget alot of things. What's your name? Jimmy? Well, I'll forget that in about two minutes. "

Maureen: " He was there from the sound check and stayed all the way through our show."

On the Local Scene

Maureen: " Some people in the local scene say that the Sons have not payed their dues to the local scene. Beleive me, we're paying our dues. This album has cost us alot both financially and mentally. People some times ask us how we can play when we have so much on our minds. We hope that with this record and this tour it will prove to some people that we are paying our dues."

Jimmy: " I think it's kind of neat when you get to a point where other sort of renowned Montreal bands start slagging you. Like My Dog Popper in their last interview slagged us."

Maureen: " They said we're kicky and now."

Jimmy: " It's kind of neat. You've reached a certain kind of plateau of recognition when all these totally way heavy, too cool bands start putting you down."

Maureen: " Because they have nothing else to talk about."

Future Plans

Maureen: " We're going to start recording as soon as we can...we won't be gigging as much after the tour, and if we have the money we're going to start to record as soon as we can."

Jimmy: " We've got alot of songs now, but we are hoping that all this material will gel and solidify during the tour."

Maureen: " The next record will be like 15 songs. But we will not do another record unless we have the financial freedom. We don't want to do another E.P. We want to do 15 songs of good quality and have the freedom to say let's do the vocals again. Not have to be happy with what we have because we can't afford another three hours in the studio. We need a record deal to keep going."

Thus we end the great chat we had with Jimmy and Maureen from the Sons of the Desert. These are just some excerpts from our conversation. There were alot more of other interesting things we talked about but we can't have everything in life. I wish them much success in their U.S. tour and will be looking forward to talking to them once they return. One final thing Jimmy did manage to get home, the chauffeur did finally show up and Jimmy did not have to use his American Express gold card to rent a car to get home.

FOUR COLOUR MADNESS

by Peter Black

Comic Books!! What does a name imply? Musty memories of youth, cradled between the pages of four-color madness. Wrinkled, ratty copies of *Superman*, *Spider-man*, and *Batman* gathering dust under beds when puberty came a calling. Well, let me tell you, comics have come a long way, baby!!

" Barks, Eisner, Wrightson, Jones, Kaluta, Smith, Starlin, Adams, Steranko, Kane, Miller, Chaykin, Sienkiewicz, Byrne, Perez, Frazetta, Williamson, Wood, Foster, Kirby, Hernandez, Wagner, Golden, Gulacy, Bode, Shelton, Wilson, Spain, Crumb, Corben. "

Here we have 30 names. If you recognize them all, you don't have to read this article. You know your comics. If you don't know more than five of these names, then you probably have no idea of what you are missing. These are just some of the people who have contributed amazing work in the field of comic art. They are also most of my favorites, although I could list a hundred more.

Lesson 1: What is a Comic Book!

Unfortunately, the name stuck. What appeared in the mid 1930's as a collection of newspaper comic strips, became known as the comic book, although they have never actually had to be comical. They are funny comic books, but they are few and far between. Today's comics cover every topic imaginable and then some!

What we know today as the "comic book " is a publication, usually 10" by 7", containing 32 pages, in colour or black and white and priced anywhere from $0.75 to $4.50. They are printed on a variety of paper, ranging from newsprint to quality magazine stock.

Lesson 2: A Very Short History of the Comic Book.

Comic books as we know them have only been a part of our lives since the mid 1930's. They didn't change much over the next 30 years. Fads came and went but comics endured.

In the mid 60's, independent minded creators began publishing their own material and the underground movement was formed. Hundreds of comics were coming out every year from every little town and city from the coast to coast. Some of these were very professionally done while others were very amateurish. Print runs varied from 100 copies to 100,00 copies for titles like *The Freak Brothers*.

Meanwhile, the big two of the publishers, Marvel and D.C., were running their superheros, westerns, war, horror, and science fiction comics.

The big problem came when a group of these creators realized that what they were creating did not belong to them but to the companies that they were working for.

As the underground comics faded away towards the end of the 70's, a new breed of comic publisher appeared on the market, creator owned material being produced for a specific market, the direct comic shop.

The direct market is a strange animal. As its heart is a system that supplies a demand, the demand for quality comics.

Lesson 3: The Direct Comic Shop

What a direct comic shop does is receive comic books approximately 2-3 weeks ahead of local newstand distribution. This is mainly for Marvel and D.C. comics. These two companies still make up the bulk of all comic sales.

What is also available at a direct shop are comics that are not available on any newstand. These are what we call alternative or independent comics.

These comics are produced solely for the direct market. The publishers assume that among the network of direct stores across Canada and the States, there is a market for their product.

But, as with everything, the problem is to seperate the good from the bad. There are comics that you could use for toilet paper and others that you could hang on your wall. What it all comes down to is choice.

The other problem that the direct store has is that every comic that is ordered is on a non-returnable basis. If you don't sell it, you eat it. With over 400 titles coming out every month, that can be a lot of eating.

Lesson 4: Freedom of Choice

The most amazing thing about the direct market is that there is so much to choose from. There are comics that appeal to such a wide cross section of people , that there is something for everybody.

Here is a short list of the comics that I personally enjoy and which you might want to look into.

LOVE AND ROCKETS (FANTAGRAPHICS)

Hailed by many as the best book on the market, the brothers Hernadez give as a world involving punk, friendship, day to day life in a town called Palomar, dinosaurs, and rockets. Exceptional writing makes this book a gem.

NEAT STUFF (FANTAGRAPHICS)

WEIRDO editor Peter Bagge brings you tales of the Bradleys, your average suburban American family, always on the edge of killing each other, and Studs Kirby, loser with an attitude.

YUMMY FUR (VORTEX)

Toronto's Chester Brown takes you on surreal escapades you won't forget for a time to come.

FLAMING CARROT (RENEGADE)

Is good! Actually, you have to see this book to believe it.

CONCRETE (DARK HORSE)

2100 pounds of concrete with a heart of gold. Well written.

REID FLEMING, World's Toughest Milkman (ECLIPSE)

Vancouver's David Boswell gives you Reid, a milkman, and an aggressive son-of-a-bitch. Buy my milk, of I'll piss on your flowers.

OMAHA, THE CAT DANCER (KITCHEN SINK)

A funny animal comic like never before. A mature storyline following the lives of Omaha and Chuck, cats in love, and very often in heat.

NEXUS (FIRST)

A well-written science-fiction book. Horatio Hellpop is Nexus, whose sole purpose is to execute.....Though at times a bit soap-operatic, still very strong.

CEREBUS (AARDVARK-VANAHEIM)

The longest running Canadian comic in history (100 issues so far). Cerebus is an aardvark, a barbarian-turned-prime-minister, and now a Pope. It is difficult to give you a brief summary about this stunning amount of work, because so much is involved. Once a more humor-oriented strip, now a complicated, involved political struggle and satire, with the right amount of yuks.

You will notice that not once in this article, until now, did I mention the fact that comics are also worth money. But, that should always be a secondary consideration to the enjoyment one receives from reading a really good comic.

Next Issue: Speculators and some Reviews

ROLE PLAYING GAMES
New & Old Comics
Bags & Supplies
Retail & Wholesale
4210 Decarie
Montreal Que. H4A 3K3
One block South of Villa Maria
489-4009
KOMICO

NOVA BOOKSHOP
Science-Fiction....Fantasy
Comics.....New and Old
1200 McGill College Ave.
Montreal Que. H3B 4G7
874-0064

STRANDED IN THE JUNGLE

This month's "Stranded in the Jungle" is dedicated to Kim Shadow who embodied what this column's all about.

Ooowee baybee! Here I am takin' my kustomized boss hoss on a little joyride on the uncharted backroads of the Subterranean Jungle when-uuga buuga! - I suddenly realize that it's high time I provide Krak readers with another report from these parts. So I shift gears and burn rubber all the way back to my platter pad where I'.. catch my breath, collect my thoughts, and scribble down a few lines about the stripped-down and souped-up sounds that are my stock-in-trade.

Can't say there's been much in the way of high speed thrills an' chills in the local rockin' scene lately. In fact, it's been downright dullsville with a few exceptions. Ray Condo and His Hardrock Goners recently played a couple of exciting opening sets for bland designer-billy glunky Chris Isaak at Club Soda. Meanwhile, The Gruesomes were back in action after a lengthy absence when they performed one long energetic set at the Rising Sun, July 24. But the best thing to hit Montreal in ages are Les Parazits. They're a trio of kids from the sticks (the Lac St.Jean region to be precise) who can teach city slickers some new tricks about making high energy music. Les Parazits churn out a blitzkrieg of buzzsaw punk - '77 style, but what makes 'em stand out from other groups goin' the same route is their wide-eyed enthusiasm and their nod to forebearers like The Stooges and The New York Dolls (Great covers of Iggy's "I Wanna Be Your Dog" and The Dolls "Bad Girl"). When they do songs like "Pretty Vacant" and "New Rose", they remind you why punk looked like it could take over the world ten years ago and make you forget that it didn't. Oh yeah, their own tunes, which are sung in French, are pretty cool too, particularly "Anti-sociale Banale". Check out Les Parazits next time they play.

Strummin' Mental - That, baby, is the title of a new series of four albums consisting ofrare primitive instrumental rock'n'roll recorded between '57 and '65. You know: surf music without the high-pitched harmonies. Really wild stuff. The groups on the *Strummin' Mental* albums kept rockin' 'n noise goin' at a time when it had almost entirely disappeared from the radio and clean-cut manufactured teen-idols ruled the airwaves. All four volumes are worth gettin' — my fave is Vol.2 which includes domonic numbers like "Shaften" by The Corvettes and "Mexican Party" by Marty and The Munks. Still, any one of the four is great; each overflows with 10 cuts; and they're on the Link label (as in Link Wray, king of reverb guitar, dig?). Plus, how can you lose with an L.P. one of whose tracks is titled: "Tale of a 280-Pound Shoe Salesman"?

Tunes of Torrid Teen-age Turpitude - Tim Warren, the demented genius who put together the Strummin' Mental series has also come out with *Sin Alley Vol.3*, subtitled "Shake, Shake, Shake it Baby!" It follows in the footsteps of its predecessors in that it's made up of some of the sleaziest rockabilly and R&B mayhem you'd ever wanna hear - or maybe never wanna hear depending on how chicken-hearted you are. *Sin Alley Vol.3* is on Warren's Cornball label. Also in the same diseased vein, *Desperate Rock 'n' Roll!* (Flame) is chockful of 20 over-the-edge rock-a-hillbilly stompers guaranteed to disengage your neighbors7 wigs when played loud. The big stars of the 50's (Elvis, Jerry Lee, etc.) only form part of the story of early rock 'n' roll. The names found on these anthologies - Wailin' Bill Dell, Portugese Joe, Mel Smith, Piano Red, and so on - tell the rest of the tale.

Behind the Garage Door - Where else would you find Rochester's Chesterfield Kings? This group's been pounding out Sixties-styled garage-punk long before doing that became fashionable in underground circles. Their debut platter from '82, with its blazing covers of obxcure toons, is almost as good an introduction to 60's punk as the many anthologies on the market. The follo-up in '85 left somethin' to be desired. Lotsa charm yet kinda weak. Now The Kings' third L.P., *Don't Open til Doomsday* (Mirror), is out and man, it's a killer-diller srom start to finish! While remaining true to their Stones and Byrds influences, 10 the band is nevertheless not stuck in a narrow '65-'66 time frame. Some of the guitar playing smack of Johnny Thunders for instance and the production is reminiscent of late Seventies Flamin' Groovies. Dee Dee Ramone likes The Chesterfield Kings so much that he wrote a song for them. His tune, "Baby Doll", appears on the disc and Dee Dee, calling himself Dee Dee King for the occasion produced it and croaks out the chorus.

Hip Literature - Since you sure as hell won't find out from the mainstream "rock" press where the real action is in rock 'n' roll today, there is one publication which does give you the complete lowdown on the groups which are really worth your while. *Next Big Thing* is a Scottish fanzine that's been around for ten years now. It's put out by a cat named Lindsay Hutton who ran the Cramps fan club for a number of years. 20 During the '76-'77 punk explosion, *Next Big Thing* was keener on the New York than on the London scene and today, the zine covers a whole gamut of contemporary '50's-'60's-'70's inspired rock 'n' roll groups be they form the States, Sweden, or Australia. The bulging 10th Anniversary issue of *Next Big Thing* features bands like The Angry Samoans, The Tell Tale Hearts, The Splatcats, and Wylde Mammoths, has tons and tons of record reviews, and deals in all sorts of so-called trash culture. It comes with a live Fleshtones 45 to boot so beg, borrow, or steal for this mag (20

Albert Ave., Grangemouth, Stirlingshire, FK3 9AT, Scotland).

Gotta hop aboard my jet job, make like a banana, and split until we meet again in these pages. But in case any of you kats and chicks are still starved for krazy kicks, tune into Radio McGill for more from the swingin' scene known as the Subterranean Jungle. Catch me later baby, I'm in orbit!

by Flipped Out

FLIPPED'S FAVE RAVES

1) THE ROBINS - Riot in Cell Block No.9
2) DORSEY BURNETTE - Great Shakin' Fever
3) RAY MITCHELL - The Lion
4) THE THUNDERMEN - Thunderbeat
5) DAVE BERRY - Don't Gimme No Lip Child
6) THE MC5 - Shakin' Street
7) THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES - Slow Death
8) THE FLESHTONES - Nothing's Gonna Bring Me Down
9) THE CHESTERFIELD KINGS - No Mind-No Soul
10) RED CROSS - Play My Song

GLORY DAZE

On the brink of success with The Nils

by Patrick H.

photos by Eyal Kattan & Miklos Legrady

The Nils remind me of my youth.

Growing up in the late seventies,one of my main objectives, along with a few friends, was refusing to accept what was going on in mainstream music. The onslaught of disco, and other forms of so called music, made us cling to each others jean jackets in utter frustration. When going to high school dances, we would show up in our jeans and shaggy hair and and annoy the dj to play Aerosmith or the Ramones. We were cool,or so we thought. I remember many nights, sitting at home,or with friends,playing air guitar to Aerosmith records. Now we've grown up (sort of), and have gone our own ways, but sometimes now when I listen to the Nils, I am reminded of that time. I get the feeling that they use to do the same things as we did, we're both about the same age, the difference is they never stopped. They moved from air guitar to the real thing.

' I can remember a time ago
When we were kids and we did'nt know'
-Fountains

The Nils were formed in 1978 by brothers Carlos and Alex Soria. " We said, let's start a band " explains Carlos, " Let's do it now, and then we'll get better when we get older. We couldn't play at first. We never bought records, the first record we bought was after watching the Sex Pistols on tv for one week every night when they were on tour. So we said, Hey, let's do that! "

It's funny how some things go in circles. How many interviews have you read with musicians who claim they were first sparked by watching Elvis or The Stones on the Ed Sullivan show. Perhaps in two or three years from now, maybe somes kids will be watching the Nils on tv and get the same idea. Certain bands can spark new generations of people and music, the Nils can turnout to be one those bands. The music is straight-forward, passionate punk, reflecting the aggression of youth. The songs are strong in structure, centered around the guitar, and matched perfectly with Alex's great vocals. Alex was only twelve when they started out, and their early work resulted in a 5 song cassette entitled *The Nils Now* in 1982.

" It's day to day things in our music. Things I see from Jean or Alex, or they see from me " explains Carlos, " You wanna sort of mention and take notice, I think that's what music should be. You have the music, but you have the words too, we're not preaching or anything, just saying things straught-forwardly. We're shy about the words" he continues, " We have'nt put them on the sleeves or anything, but they are good words."

This limited edition cassette shows the Nils earlier, rawer attempts at songwriting and musical construction. It's pure youthful energy, and showing promise of what was to come. At the time of this cassette, Terry Lee Toner was still drumming and Carlos was playing bass. It recieved rave reviews, including in some notable American fanzines. ' Scratches and Needles', which was on this cassette, also found it's way onto the BYO compilation *Something To Believe In* in 1983. During this time, they did opening gigs for The Ramones and DOA, as well as contributing 'Call Of The Wild' to Psyche's *Primitive Air Raid* in 1984.

Bassist Guy 'Chico' Caron, a friend of the Soria's in earlier days and who played with Alex back in '78 had joined the ranks by then, and drummer Toner was replaced by Eloi Berthiolet. The fall of '85 saw the release of *SELL OUT YOUNG* on Psyche records. It was produced by Stefan Doroshuck, and aided by brother Ivan (Men Without Hats) on keyboards. This four track EP recieved favourable to estatic reviews all around. Yet, the Nils were somewhat unhappy with the results of the sound of the record.

" It did'nt turn out the way we wanted to do a record " explains Carlos, "which was areal drag. That's why the second record happened several months later. The other guy who did it was pissed off that we sort of fucked up on our first record."

The second record was another four song EP released on the Siegfreid label in 1986. With a psychedelic-paisley cover, simply entitled *THE NILS*, it reflected what they felt was a truer sound for the band. Though the tracks were recorded before 'Sell Out Young', and the production was'nt as good, they were much more satisfied with the results. The songs were as strong as other previous material, the best track being 'Glory Daze' with the perfect touch of acoustic guitar.

Walking on the stage of the empty hall
Noticing the changes of the last to build them
When they stumble, they only fall.
-Give Me Time

The Nils' live performances have always been under critical fire, seen as sloppy, plagued with sound problems, and was tagged with the head down syndrome.

" We always had drummer problems," says Carlos, " In this kind of music drums are really important, it's gotta be tight. The two other guys we had were a pain in the butt to work with. A lot of people use to say our shows were bogus and stuff. Like, we can do records—no problems—recording is really easy for us. But you need the drums; you need to know that everytime you go onstage, you'll have the drums behind you. That was it, that was the only problem."

Their live shows have improved tremendously in the past year. Alex's singing has gotten better all the time, maintaining his far away gaze at the mike. They seem to be having much more fun now. The addition of drummer Jean Lortie (ex S.C.U.M.) has breathed new life into the Nils' live shows.

" During the summertime, " Jean explains, " The Nils use to hang around my place, and Carlos was telling me that they were getting a new record and that he wanted me to play on it. I agreed right away and we started jamming. The first jam we had rwas so heavy and energetic, and it just happened."

" It was pretty obvious," adds Carlos.

Lortie stayed on as drummer while still with S.C.U.M. After a number of live shows with Jean on drums, his place with the band was becoming more defined. A memorable Nils performance in New York City answered all of Jean's questions.

" When we played the Ritz last September, opening for the Circle Jerks—S.C.U.M. was playing as well—, I played for both bands that night. That was it, I decided right there. S.C.U.M had had problems; Anthony had left the band, and I wasn't getting the same vibes anymore. So it was my last show with S.C.U.M. and my first official show with the Nils!"

A thought for tommorow is too much to ask for
-Freedom

So why the lesson in Nils history? Well, they are now in a unique position. For months now local papers have leaked out rumors on the Nils signing with Profile Records in NYC. Well, it's all offical now, and they're preparing for a September release. It wasn't easy though Carlos explains: " We sent them *Sell Out Young* , and the guy who runs the label really liked two of the songs, 'Inbetweens' and 'Daylight'. He recognized it right away, and he said "I'm going to sign you up!"

" It took a year's time," Carlos added, "because it's a big label and they were signing up all these bands—the Cro-Mags, D.O.A., and Murphy's Law. We had to go through all this legal stuff; we had to hire a lawyer, and it's a fight between them and you. You sign for a long time, and you have to be responsible."

" It was a forty page contract," adds Jean.

"People use to say it was a joke," Carlos continues, " But they called us, we never called them. You can send your tapes 'till your blue in the face, but if someone calls you up, it'sdifferent. We had just finished our Canadian tour and we gotback home and we were totally burnt out, and the day we got home they called up."

Being on Profile Records means that the Nils will be available in every major American record store. It also means that if nothing changes by the fall as far as distribution goes, the Nils will be available only on import in their native country.

The album will contain all new material. They were nice enough to give me a copy of a five song demo recorded on 8 track of material they were preparing for the record. Sound quality aside, they have come up with their best material yet, with a flair for capturing the right hooks, and keeping the basic rawedge sound. Beside the live performances, this was the first time I heard Jean Lortie's drumming for them in a studio. His sharp, clean style enhances the music even more. You can pinpoint the 'right' feeling they were talking about. I don't want to give away too much, I'd rather have you wait for what's to come. If this demo is any indication of what the record is going to sound like, it's going to be really great.

Profile also had Chris Spedding to sit behind the board for the Nils which has them pretty excited.

" He's a real hotshot; he's worked with alot of people," says Carlos. " He worked with the Pistols. Apparently he showed Steve Jones everything he knows, that's good enough for us. He works really well, he knows what to do, and he's a guitar oriented person, which is important for us. I think the record is going to be good."

" We're really ready for it!" adds Jean.

During the period of negotiations with Profile, they have discovered another side of music, the business side, which has openedup their eyes a little more.

" Ever since we got this contract, everybody wants to be a part of you," explains Jean. "Everybody's our friends all of a sudden. They want to help you and want to work with us, and that's where you have to watch out 'cause some people will just want to eat you."

"Everybody thinks were rich now, or something," adds Carlos, somewhat bitterly.

In closing, I'd like to thank the Nils for simply being who they are. In the past seven years They've kept their heads straight, kept fighting for their goals, and haven't let others around them change their attitude. What attitude is that? Well, I didn't ask them personally, but I can make a safe assumption. The Nils have simply believed in what they're doing, and they haven't let anything stand in their way. No big-headed egos here, record contract or not, and I also believe that if they hadn't received the record contract in the past year, they would stillbe doing what they do best for the next seven years.

In researching this article, I came across an old press kit which contained a message from the Nils which still fits them perfectly after all this:

" As to our lyrical intentions, well it's basically our perception of everyday living, often seen through altered vision. As for musical influences, it's none of your business. What usually influences us is anything that gives us goose bumps. Basically our main intention is to spread a positive vibe; so if you're generous enough to lend us an ear, we'll be more than willing to entertain you, for that is our one and only cause."

Nothing more,
Nothing less,
Here's
The Nils

RPM'S

NOW—PLAY RECORDS
THROUGH ANY MODERN A.C. ELECTRIC RADIO
ALL FOR ONLY $7.95 CASH
$9.95 PLAYER PLUS ANY 10 CONQUEROR RECORDS (WORTH $3.50)—TOTAL VALUE $13.45

Jerry Jerry and the Sons of Rhythm Orchestra
Battle Hymn of the Apartment
Pipeline

Wazooed. Gonzo. Pie-eyed, flappy-lipped, bonked, bonzo, screwed, ripped, twisted, pissed, grilled, boned, stomped, shit-faced, smashed, grilled, fried, blasted, rocket-fueled, busted up, gorfed. Welcome to the working week. Looks like Jerry Jerry and the guys have done gone out and lost it. I'm talking IT, the Big V, the cherry, the greenness, chastity, lambs for the slaughter becoming a Man (in God's image? Wazoo to you, too).

Okay, maybe losing IT in a more metaphorical sense.... Growing from the raw teenage sinew of *Road Gore* to the muscle bound, hairy-chested *Battle Hymn of the Apartment*. Puberty plus. *Battle Hymn* is the Cain to *Road Gore*'s Abel, or if that strikes you as a tad pretentious, it's the Bullwinkle to *Road Gore*'s Rocky.

Battle Hymn as a whole, is, as Jerry says about "The Drift", "kind of like the biggest pizza in the world... I still don't understand it."

It's chock full of crunchy hooks, spittin'-clear production, big fat sounds, rock 'n' roll religion and other regional conflicts, "buried political allusions," blame it all on good luck, "new" Jerry Jerry and the Sons put out; they say the first time ain't the greatest, but *Battle Hymn* does it with style, strength, and staying power. Anyone gotta cigarette?

Jenn Allen

T.S.O.L
HIT AND RUN
Enigma

TSOL stands for True Sounds of Liberty. According to legend, the name is derived from some obnoxious patriotic band that appeared on a variety show years ago, the Sounds of Liberty. Not being able to resist a parody, TSOL was born.

I haven't counted very carefully, but I think that was at least six albums ago. They're still not particularly well- known, but their contribution to the sound-track of 'Return of the Living Dead' earned them considerable repute in some circles. Im actually saw an ad that labelled them a gothic punk band. What a cute notion.

This album is a bit of a disappointment. Their last album, *ZZevenger* was quite frankly, incredible. Since then, they've cashed in their almost - hardcore sound for hard rock posing. We've also witnessed considerable degeneration in lyrical quality, "I was only nineteen, my daddy told me son..." Gimme a break. This does'nt measure up to past classic lines like " I can't paint no picture of forgiving anyone forever."

TSOL do have a place very close to my heart, but this album is a definite exception. It does rock at times, but it also meanders. For what it's worth,=they're better at hard rock than The Cult," but that isn't saying too much....

Joe Public

BAD
BAD
Bone Records

There's no devil it's only God when he's drunk.

- Tom Waits

I sat there. The room was dimly lit. Made more eerie by the pale moonlight reflecting off the dust on the furniture. The first note broke the the silence in the room. The dark, solem music enveloped me as I broke into a cold sweat.This seemed appropriate setting to review the new BAD ep in. This band has been compared to Joy Division, Bauhaus, and the Sisters Of Mercy. Pretty big names but not exactly the happiest bunch of people around. Well this is not a happy album. There are five tracks on the EP. They include songs titled 'Bones' and 'Follow the Dead'. See what I mean about this not being a happy album, but it's a damn good album.

If you have followed this band since the beginning you will notice how much they have matured as musicians and songwriters. The lyrics although sometimes a little hard to decipher weave little images in the listeners' mind. Something else you will notice is that there is a slight difference in the sounds between sides one and two. This is cleared up when you read that the sides were recorded at different studios. But this does not hinder the overall sound of the album. In my opinion this four man outfit should get very high marks for this, their first effort. I am now looking forward to when they put out a full album. Based on what I heard on this EP, it will be a killer first album.

The room darkened as a cloud passed over the moon. From the shadows leapt the editor brandishing a knife. My screams were drowned out by 'Follow The DEAD'.

Robert Di Blasio

SKINNY PUPPY
Cleanse, Fold and Manipulate
Nettwerk

With one foot on the dancefloor, the other in the grave, *Cleanse, Fold and Manipulate* is perhaps the definitive Skinny Puppy album.

After swaying from the extremes of dance bop to atmospheric industrial for two albums and an ep, the puppies are finally settling down. Contrary to general myth, the music is becoming considerably less accessible to the dance crowd as more and more industrial elements are grafted to the traditional Skinny Puppy beat. One had only compare the live version of "Glass Houses" in their recent Montreal show to that recorded on their debut ep, *Remission*, to see that their sound has gotten a lot nastier.

The last album, *Mind:the perpetual intercourse*, contained only three real songs, the rest was taper percussion filler. Pieces were even picked from extras on the cassette release of *Bites*. Cleanse, however, has few "instrumentals" and a lot more quality music. The surprise, perhaps is that Skinny Puppy's most recent boppy single, "Chainsaw", is not on the album. Instead it carries their song off the Nettwerk sound sampler "First Aid", which is considerably more brooding and atonal.

The best cut is perhaps "Addiction", which I believe is the tune they opened their set with at the Spectrum show. They've also picked up a few great pieces of tape, "they live on fear", "the man of the shroud is Jesus Christ"...

I know we Canadians have a permanent insecurity complex about our bands, but Skinny Puppy kicks ass compared to Ministry, Chris & Cosey, Revolting Cocks, SPK, the whole load of them. In the industrial electronic genre, they're the best thing happening.

Joe Public

FAIL-SAFE

FAIL-SAFE
Fail-Safe
Independent

Ah, yes, FAIL-SAFE. We've had their debut piece of vinyl hanging around the station for a while so I guess it's about time to figure them out. First of all, Fail-Safe is a hardcore band, but garage hardcore. They play it like everyone else does except they're a little better.

A love of distortion reverberates all through the disque, but it works to their advantage. It doesn't overwhelm the listener, but rather compliments the anger and disgust of the lyrics. The lyrics are run of the mill alienated punk anthems, though they seem to contain a revitalized interest within their topics.

There's nothing really earth shattering about Fail-Safe. A good debut record that at least promises that future projects will be better in a good starting place.

And they don't play as fast as they can. That can be so boring.

Braindead

SONIC YOUTH
Sister
Sst Records

The most effective use of guitar oriented music in a traditional rock context that I've heard so far this year. SONIC YOUTH are as concerned with projecting texture and creating a mood as they are in writing songs. *Sister* is much harsher than their previous effort *Evol*, but yet a necessity in their continuing evolution away from earlier post Branca collusions, which generated a strict adherance to noise atmospherics.ie."kill your idols with sonic noise."

Sister is replenished with neo urban instrumental washes, being the main goals here; providing aloundation for swirling imagery - sometimes peaceful but mostly ferocious. The ferociousness being provided by the ominous, even threatening yet alluring guitar work of the two youths, Lee Ranaldo and Thuston Moores' jittery, twitching, stripped down Fenders. Kim Gordon's palpatating bass, held together by the aggressive percussion Steve Shelly makes it all work with the incredible tension that nearly bursts at the seams.

I really liked their more desolate influenced "Bad Moon Rising" because of its unconventional approach to the twin guitar patterns of thought, songs structured so altered as to resemble a minimalist landscape strewn with sonic debris. Friends of mine preferred the more accessible *Evol* due to the time frames of its real songs. But *Sister* seems to make a lot of sense now after a couple of listenings, a perfect transitional piece and because of that I have problems reviewing the album, as a sum of parts that equal a whole. I just can't pick out one piece to behold up to the high acclaim as the greatest S.Y .5 minute treat ever, or two or three tracks for that matter. All I can really say is that the ten songs here all crackle and bite with the Youth's easily distinguishable guitar histronics, sculturing, twisting and otherwise regurgitate their technique into something outwordly.

The vocals are necessity - as a point-counterpoint to the discordiant chording and bizarre harmonies, especially the pronounced wording of Kim Gordon featuring a soft but penetrating set of pipes which at times guides the tracks here as on *Evol*. The vocals of T.Moore serve almost as another simbre in their fabric of music rather than as a solo vehicule. Ms. Gordon and Mr. Moore recognize that the larynx is just another noise box and have incorporated it as such the third and fourth lead instruments. Craft laden but at times frightening.

If you know their music, then this is all old hat. If you don't then do buy their entire catalogue, if not for the stretched ears then for some of the most harrowing guitar escapades of the last decade.

Stormin' Norman

That Petrol Emotion
Babble
Polydor

Geez, what a pleasant surprise. In 1987 some people have abandoned the good ship Rock n' Roll and have taken to the land. We have seen the reconstruction of the HOUSE, we have seen it draped in a black aura as people screamed in the name of CULTS, but we know the joke is on them. Still others claim that it suffers from an intellectual bankruptcy and wait impatiently for the final symbiotic assimulation between this dreaded pop thing and the new in movement hip hop invention. And so the theft continues on and on....

The surprise is that there is still life in the wooden things called guitars. THAT PETROL EMOTION's approach is so simple and cost concious that I'm afraid they leave the rest of the rabble in the gutter, which is where they belong. It should be noted early that the O'Neill brothers were an integral part of the UNDERTONES, giving them four albums worth of pop preparation which is an important factor in the making of ' Babble.'

' Babble' is a hard, dense record, at times poking into the realm of noise, a jerky stance continually being upended by the amount of anger it tries to disperse. Certain songs like 'Split' and 'Spin Cycle', the centres are torn out leaving a nagging noise that would pass for passion anywhere else. The opening chords of 'Swamp' leads into a blues oriented but eventual dedication to walls of guitar overdrive, infectuous I must add. We must also mention 'Big Decision', so far the best pop single of 1987.

'Babble' is a much more diversified sounding piece of work than *MANIC POP THRILL*. This might have to do with songwriting, everyone has their hand in it, quite possibly the most democratic album of the year. Good songwriting allows an album to stand on it's on merit, allowing it to be taken serious but not ridiculed (Hi Ian and Billy) nor doesn't need the undermining of say a Mr. Hussey, "Yeah, we know it's silly." Another reason could be Roli Mosimann, ex-Swans percussionist now producer. Mr. Mosimann has crafted the basic elements and pushed them to the forefront, the guitars scream driven further by the solid drumming, and the ever-present snapping snare.

The diversity and influences are to be found everywhere—Pere Ubu permeates 'Static', a crumbling testimony to human absolensence and its disillusionment carry heavy on the acoustic 'Inside'—"Like a dog in the street I lay in the shade the kind of lifestyle everyone dreams about just wouldn't satisfy me."

Babble is a very dark and brooding album with a pure pop factor, but given to collosions such as 'Creeping to the Cross', where power electronics reach the pinnacle of understatement, for which I am glad.

Strange beast this *Babble*. Ita all alive and fired, crisp and clear and shows that they have left the ghetto with this, where they go from here is important and I'm already impatient. The seeds of boredom have yet not been planted but nor should they doddle, they might just take root.

Stormin' Norman

THE CRAMPS
ROCKINNREELINNAHICKLANDNEWZEALANDXXX
Vengence

This album's background is quite interesting. Apparently, one of the people at the sound-board decided to record this performance from the last date of the *'A Date With Elvis* tour, and then he presented it to Lux Interior as a gift. So impressed was Lux by the sound quality, and so pissed off was he at the 1001 bootlegs floating around, he decided to release it on The Cramps own label, Vengence. Nice story, no?

This 'official' bootleg of sorts contains a soung quality which is perfect for The Cramps, loud, fuzzy, and grungy, right down to Lux's panting and howlin'. The choice of tracks, however, is what makes this album somewhat disappointing. Out of eleven tracks, seven are from last year's *Date With Elvis* lp, and in my opinion, that's too many. What would've been better is a wider variety of songs chosen for this record. The Cramps certainly have the catolog for it.

The only bright spots are 'Do the Clam' and perhaps 'Heartbreak Hotel', but *SMELL OF FEMALE* this is not. This is a good live record, and captures the live sound and feel of a Cramps show. Since it's a limited edition of only 20,000 copies worldwide, it's certainly a must for die-hards. I just wish we were offered something more than what seems to be a live version of 'A Date With Elvis.'

Patrick H.

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LONELY IS AN EYESORE
VARIOUS
4AD

If you look in the dictionary under the word lavish, chances are it will say 'see 4AD' probably because much of the labels output tends to be mired in endless aeons of production, and arty packaging which is sometimes all style and no substance. So along comes the multi-faceted compilation *Lonely is an Eyesore*, all precious and intimidating with its pull-out sleeve and nifty liner notes (I half expected it to come with a damn instruction manual). *Lonely is an Eyesore* comes in several forms: cassette, compact disc, soon to be released video album, the limited edition box set version with an elaborate color booklet, or, if this is all too complicating for you, there's the junior version for the budget minded person. All the tracks were recorded especially for this album and most of the 4AD roster are accounted for here (Cocteau Twins, This Mortal Coil, Throwing Muses, Wolfgang Press etc...). Fine, but lets get down to the music.

Firstly, the whole reason behind the label sampler is to show off its wares, and in the process initiate the listener. Of course all too often the one major drawback with compilations seems to be a general lack of cohesion, direction, and basically a common theme that should bind the whole finished product. However, the optimist in me says it's also a chance to showcase a perhaps unreleased or untaped gem.

I've always thought of Xymox as sub-New Order, and Dead can Dance come off like the bastard sons of the Cocteau Twins; all shrouded in fake mysticism with their self proclaimed affinity for the poet Rimbaud and D Dif Juz who are basically an instrumental Cocteau's. So where are those unreleased, untaped gems in question? Well the first gem kicks off side 1 of the album with the Colorbox and a song called 'Hot Doggie', which comes up with more of that brilliant use of borrowed sounds and voice sampling that has come to characterize their unique sound. Their previous singles 'World Cup Theme' and the dub-reggae-ish 'Baby, I Love You So' along with this song reaffirms their positions as enticing and interesting soundsmiths. This Mortal Coil follows with 'Acid Bitter and Sad', which builds with all the pomp and circumstance but unfortunately dries up and blows away like a malnourished dandelion. However, Throwing Muses rush in and save the day with a beautifully tempered and exceptional track called 'Fish', this band is essential, miss them at your peril. The Cocteau Twins offer 'Crushed' which opens side 2 and finally delivers the sadly missed jewel that has been evading them on their last 2 efforts, a beautiful song. Even Dif Juz sound alive and kicking on their contribution 'Motion', which provides some great guitar lines and even better percussive work, which has seen them stuck in wet cement in the past. So what of 'Lonely is an Eyesore', 4AD boss Ivo Watts-Russells' main intention was to broaden things and to destroy the myth of a 'label sound'. He, along with the variety of artists on this album and their various contributions have succeeded in doing so. All in all a good showing for 4AD and of course yet another lovely packaging job from 23 Envelope. For your eyes lonely.

Gary Jansz

Sons of the Desert
Sons of the Desert
Dessert Records

One of this city's more energetic bands for the past little while, with a great sense of fun behind them, Sons of the Desert, have finally released a piece of vinyl for the masssses. The seven tracks are familiar to those who have attended their live shows in the past year and a half. The music has been described as 'kicky', 'infectious pop', 'punchy', 'neat', and a generally good time.

The Sons have managed to capture 'some' of the energy of their live shows into this record, but the musicianship could be a little tighter, and may have to do with first album jitters. The music never seems to leap off the record the way it does on stage. Perhaps the sub-dued had something to do with it, because you're never overwhelmed by its sound. Songs like 'Run Over by a Train' really work well live, yet seems to lay flat on record, ditto for 'Be Mine', 'Best Things' is probably the most successful track, epitomizing what Sons music is all about.

Don't fret though, the addition of Maureen Bradley on bass seems to have given the band a new-found confidence in the past year, her past experience can only benefit the band towards greater things. My biggest gripe would have to be the vocals. The backing vocals are very weak and need some work. But the saddest thing is probably Naomi Emmerson's lead vocals. She has a very powerful voice on stage, and one of the better ones around but she seems to be holding back on this record. This is evident on slower tracks ('Light in Your Eyes'), though lets loose a little more on the upbeat tracks, but not enough.

Something kept bothering me while listening to this album, and for a while I couldn't figure out what it was. But now I know. You see, Sons of the Desert are a 'better band' than what's presented on this record. Much better. They've been responsible for many 'happy feet' in many venues, yet none of that comes across on vinyl, too bad. If you're a die-hard fan, perhaps you should slap this record on the turntable, turn down the lights, invite a few friends over, fill the room up with cigarette smoke and the smell of spilt beer, crank it, and DANCE! It might help.

Tue Tone

MICHELLE SHOCKED
THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES
Cooking Vinyl

The Texas Campfire Tapes may be the most intriguing album of the year.

That's a pretty heavy statement to start off a review, but that's how strongly I feel about this record. Michelle Shocked's debut hasn't left my turn table (okay, ear-phones) for the past two weeks. It's one of those records you just want to hear over and over, and sounds better with every listen.

- Accompanied with just her acoustic guitar, she sings and tells stories in a style and manner like no one else has in quite some time. She comes from a small town in the hills of Texas named Gilmer, and her songs are about her past, and those who surround her.

Her vignettes, as they can be called, are humourous, uplifting, and at times, sad. 'The Ballad of Patch Eye and Meg' is a perfect example of her unique sense of storytelling. The song features Michelle at a young age listening to tales by an old pirate, of his adventures on the sea, with the chorus: He'd talk about his missing eye/He'd talk about his missing leg/But he'd never talk about the ol' tatoo/On his right arm, that said 'Meg'.

With a talent for words, she carries you along several songs, and you can't help but be captivated.

The way this album was put together is almost something out of a fairy tale. She was performing at a festival at Quiet Valley Ranch in east Texas, and someone named Pete Lawrence recognized her unique talent, and worked up the courage to ask her if he could record a few songs on his Sony portable. They went off to a corner and recorded what is now this album.

No over dubbing, no nothing, straight from cassette to vinyl, only the sounds of crickets, a dying campfire, and the occasional truck passing by.

Comparisons to Joan Baez and Ricki Lee Jones are now being made in England, but she's more street-smart, with a tremendous amount of more talent. I urge you to go out and spend the import price for this record, it's money well spent on someone who may be really big two years from now. Call it 'new-folk', or call it what you may, but in this day and age of thumping electronics and beat-boxes, it's nice to see and hear real music for a change.

Patrick H.

MICHELLE SHOCKED

Mr. Tim
***Another Man* 12"**
Utility Grade

A self-proclaimed'fine dance/ disco/ extensive mix/ politically correct/ mega-hip/ hep/ smash/ gear fab/ funk single.' 'Another Man' could well be the first Safe Sex dance single. Mr. Tim offers twelve inches of unbridled sexual politics, the perfect thing to politicize you while you preen for club rite (Poodles,fer shure). Mr. Tim picks up where Donna Summer began to get traitorous and Bronski Beat went astray. So much for "I Am What I Am" or " I'm Coming Out", this record says," Fuck you, jack- deal with it."

Another Man was produced in Toronto by a group called the Utility Grade Foundation who have also produced a series of Safer Sex Public Service Announcements for radio (which are carried at CKUT, groovers that we are). These ads , as well as Another Man, are intended to promote safer sexual practices, not abstinence, as a means of AIDS and STD prevention. Utility Grade have experienced difficulty getting distribution and air-play for their works because they use explicit , sex-positive language to describe various sexual practices (perhaps we should go back to using good old euphomisms like 'pee-pee' and 'getting it on'). Another Man is presently unavailable in the city although distribution through Amok Records is imminent. In the meantime you can get a copy by writing to: Utility Grade Foundation

P.O. Box 93, Station P
Toronto, Ont. M5S 2S6

THE WAILING ULTIMATE
Various
Homestead Sampler

How do you review a sampler? Any suggestions? Are all the pieces reflective of the bands now? And what of their albums? The problem with samplers (see *ENIGMA Variations*) is that the contributed piece is usually the best to offer - leaving us with a $14.US dud. That's a very expensive single especially if you're reading this paper. So I'll try to be as accurate and as honest as it allows me to. I'll say a bit about each band -enough to capture a feeling - hopefully a long glance, it will be written in a point-caption form so you can skip to the bands you already know or own, to see if we agree or not. I think it's simpler this way but I'm not too sure what it will lead up to. But I do know one thing, samplers are here for only one reason and that's to sell records - no more no less.

DINOSAUR - REMish - very flattened guitar style with Neil Young inspired vocals, the South may never rise again.

VOLCANO SUNS - irritating over-produced guitar oriented sixties whatever. No thanks

PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH - I can't put my finger on who they sound like - opening chords lead to jazzy well spaced solo - very clean, lyrically pretty. I really like this. I want it actually.

SQUIRREL BAIT - Sounds like Husker Du, sorry. This song has sharp efficient guitar, less bent for hummable melodies. Singer sounds like somebody's kid brother with emotional problems. Buy it because it's the right thing to do.

BREAKING CIRCUS - Problem is they're just boring, they're not saying anything new. I wish I could say more but...

BIG BLACK - These guys along with S. Youth are/will be big college radio favourites. Big Black are where most hardcore bands should be. Phil Spector goes to hell. Play this loud then buy ATOMIZER.

BIG BLACK

SALEM 66 - A wee bit irritating, a little too dramatic for my liking "We just wanna rock like the guys"- Why,Why oh Why. Guitar oriented macho crap that leaps and lurches between canyons of space. Listen.

SIDE B

DEATH OF SAMANTHA - I like this , it fills up my room and my room and my room is big, guitar chunks that bounce off my wall the way Mark E. Smith spits out words. Post 70's excess with pre -eighties sensibilities.

ANTIETAM - I could imagine Jefferson Airplane doing this, no insult intended. This song features solid percussion, sensitive, fluid guitar works, bass player fills up spaces with very lush playing, the vocals are very strong and articulate. I betcha it could stop a party. Sign me up for two.

LIVE SKULL - This band is part of the New York avant garde school of guitar, sharing space with Fred Frith, Robert Quinne, Jody Harris et al. But this is where they part company. Skull are Sonic Youth with a more controlled sense of rhythm. Think of Albert Ayler playing Velvet Underground. It's taken from a live album called "Don't Get Any On You". It's probably corrosive. Go get it.

NAKED RAYGUN - This is really Sham '69. Trust me.

THE REACTIONS - They must be from California. If you were afraid to see Fear you'd go see these guys - same nite and way across town. Harmless and inoffensive white guitar rock.

BIG DIPPER - I'd file these guys right around the Stingrays - live I think this band could be spontaneous. Here I'm afraid to say.

We now conclude with the best cut on this album called "Letter To A Fanzine". Why do punk rock guys go out with New Wave girls? Why is their haircut so intense? And why the morbid fascination with 4AD? GREAT PLAINS may be this year's Half Man Half Biscuit - but it's all so tiresome. Where do they go from here?

Overall, I wasn't too impressed by this album, but I will buy the LIVE SKULL. If you can, do hear this, it will give you anidea of what is available from a record company that is trying to make a name for itself. Whereas Black Flag is SST's house band,Homestead seems to be cornering the Post-REM crop of guitarists that are quickly appearing to fill a vacuum. Big Black could be their house band,ie: selling more T-shirts than actual records.

OOOPS - did I say something wrong?

Stormin' Norman

LIVE SKULL

D.O.A.
True(North), Strong and Free
Profile

What goes around comes around and if that can be applied to music, then D.O.A. is a prime example. The full spectrum ofthe guitar sparkles through this whole album. A little punk, a little hardcore, a little heavy metal, it's all there.

They're probably the most intelligent 'core band these days with the demise of the DK's and their outrage with "the system" is sprinkled liberally on each song. No punches are held back and the same spirit from their earlier albums (*War on 45*) is as strong as ever. The topics may have changed, but life is different today than it was in 1981.

The only problem comes from the strongest point of the album. Musical diversity. First time listeners won't know how to label D.O.A, but that's an advantage for long time listeners.

D.O.A. has matured and American record companies (Profile) are finally taking notice. The problem is that *True (North), Strong Free* can only be bought as an import.

They also cover B.T.O.'s "Taking Care of Business". I love B.T.O.

Braindead

Shithead

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7 NIGHTS TO ROCK

7 NIGHTS TO ROCK is a column devoted to roots music: rockabilly, rock 'n' roll '50's & '60's, blues, jug band music, plus doses of country, R&B, early jazz, etc. Comments and corrections are invited, c/o Krak. This time around, the spotlight finds:

ROY HALL

Roy Hall was a versatile country pianist and singer with a strong black influence. He is remembered primarily for his 1955 and '56 recordings for Decca, which are on the country boogie side of rockabilly, and the co-authorship of "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On", under the pseudonym Sunny David.

Roy, nicknamed "The Hound", was born on May 7, 1922, in Wise, Virginia, and grew up in nearby Big Stone Gap, where, at the age of 11, he was taught piano in the blues style by a black teacher named Smith Carson. Around the same time he became a drinker, but much later, as he told me in his Nashville office: "the Lord come down here and took that booze away from me. I'd been drunk 19 years but I don't know whether I should've quit drinking or nor 'cause I haven't written too many hits since I sobered up. I had an imagination that was out of this world. You know a person taking pills and drinkin' will imagine anything. I wrote some crazy stuff while I was drunk that I'm even ashamed to talk about."

As a teenager he played and sang in a popular band, doing songs such as "Stardust", "In the Mood", "Body and Soul", "Whispering", and "Sentimental Journey", the kind of songs that made up much of his repertoire as a solo pianist in his later years.

Roy's recording career started in 1949 in Detroit, where he recorded "Dirty Boogie", among others for the Fortune label, on which he also backed a young Skeeter Davis in the Davis Sisters. Their record's flip side was an instrumental by Roy: "Going Down the Road Feeling Bad". By 1950 he had recorded for Bullett in Nashville (more country boogie), toured with Tennessee Ernie Ford, and was performing regularly as a staff pianist on the Grand Ole Opry and on Opry touring shows. He backed Marty Robbins and Hawkshaw Hawkins on record in the early '50's, and played accordian on many of Red Foley's gospel records. From 1954 to 1957, Roy owned a nightclub in Nashville, where he met Webb Pierce, with whom he then toured and recorded with for six years. It was Pierce's influence that secured Roy's own Decca contract. The records he then made sound hillbilly but with a Bill Haley-influenced rhythm section. In fact, the influence was not only one-sided, since Roy's version of "See You Later Alligator" was recorded before the Bill Haley hit version, also on the same label.

At Roy's forst Decca session in September, 1955, he covered Fats Domino's "All By Myself", released only the previous month. "Move On", also a cover, and his own "Offbeat Boogie". These last two were unissued. But also at that session, he cut his most famous song: "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On". In late 1954, Roy and a black musician named Dave Williams wrote it while they were down in the Florida swamps drinking their way through a snake-milking expedition, selling the "milk" for medicinal preparations. His motto at the time was "carry a bottle of whiskey in case of snake bite and always carry a small snake." The song was recorded first by blues singer Big Maybelle, then by Hall, and then by the Commodores (a black group), all in 1955.

During this period, Jerry Lee Lewis had made a trip to Nashville from his home in Louisiana, in an attempt to start his career. He found Roy Hall's after-hours club "The Musician's Hideaway", and worked there briefly, where he heard Hall singing his composition. Later, the famous Sun label of Memphis took Jerry Lee into the fold. After having great response to Roy's song at gigs, Lewis recorded his own version in 1957. It was, of course, one of the biggest rockabilly hits, selling possibley twenty million copies worldwide. Interestingly, Roy Hall's recording has no piano on it. His use of the psuedonym Sunny David was an attempt to avoid income tax. Not only did they catch him but later his ex-wife was awarded the royalties.

At his second session, in December 1955, Roy's piano playing is prominent on "Don't Stop Now", a strong original composition. His third session, the next month, finds the piano present but elegated to the sidelines. Roy, as so many others, jumped to cover "Blue Suede Shoes", the same month of its release. "Lucious", a pop song with a Mills Brothers-type vocal group, was also recorded.

His fourth and last session for Decca, In August 1956, produced two Roy Hall gems, both originals, neither with piano: "Dig That Boogie" and "Three Alley Cats". He was dropped shortly thereafter from the label.

A couple of tracks were put out on the short-lived Pierce label: Roy's own "One Monkey Can't Stop the Show" and Wayne Walker's "Flood of Love". He then returned to Detroit's Fortune label, where Roy's cover of Piano Red's "Rockin' With Red", was claimed as an original and named "She Sure CAn Rock Me". It appeared as an album cut on a Skeets McDonald record!

Around 1958, he was in Memphis trying to get on Sun, but his four tracks remained unissued until late in the rockabilly revival (which started in the mid-'70's, peaked in the early '80's and still continues). His recording career, like so many other rockabillies, was dormant through the '60s and most of the '70s.

By the mid-'70s, his Decca singles were fetching high prices in the collector market in England and Europe. Their reissue, scattered through the *Rare Rockabilly* volumes on MCA, helped secure Roy's place in rockabilly history, solidified subsequently by two LPs similarly collecting his '50s recordings in one place, and two LPs of newly recorded material. The album *Rockabilly or Else* on Barrelhouse, recorded in 1979 and '80, contains his version of "Flat Foot Sam", which was a revival hit for him in Europe.

Another gem from that record is "Bedsprings Motel", a remake of a song he cut in the late '50s for Hi Q, a Fortune subsidiary. This superior version is a New Orleans-style piano solo with Roy narrating the story of his night out. He played it for me in his office; it was suitably surreal, with Roy talking on the record, while at the same time he was commenting on his narration! "I'm trying to make out with this girl," he explained. On the record he says "I come here every Tuesday night...boy I sure dig that piano man, Roy Hall on the piano" and to me he said "see I'm bragging on my own self." Roy said "That's the old tune called 'After Hours'. I didn't get sued over it though." The song contains a classic Hall line: "I got a bottle of that chicken whiskey: one drink and you crow and two drinks and you lay." He played me another song, "One Monkey Don't Stop No Show", which contains: "I used to be young and simple, but brother I ain't that way no more." His comment" "That guitar is out of tune a mile and half."

The *Hank and The Hound* LP, which Roy told me was called "Roll Over Hank and Rock With Roy", was recoded in 1980. It's an album of rocked-up Hank Williams' songs. "Bless his heart, if he was living now, he wouldn't be mad at me, but he wouldn't like what I done to his ongs...I murdered them."

At the time of our meeting, just shortly before his death on March 2, 1984, he was involved with his various businesses, which included the *monthly Country Music Enquirer*. The current issue contained Roy's reminiscences of Jerry Lee Lewis. He was especially proud of his Talking Bible company, which offers the ible on tape recordings. On his own label, Judd, bought from Jud Phillips (brother of Sam) he had released "God Made A Little Corner For Me," a successful gospel record (*Another* release was "Is It Over George?", an open letter narration, a touchingly heartfelt plea "as a brother and a friend for over 30 years", asking George Jones to quit alcohol). Roy was also playing (sober) for senior citizens on the river boats, doing country and middle-of-the-road music. He was bitter about being cheated out of money and songs, proud about offers to tour in Europe (which had been cancelled due to ill health), hopeful about recording another LP, and confident about his abilities: "I got a good band, I got the best. We could cut any of them dry, as old as I am. I ain't afraid of them young rockabillies 'cause I know what I can do."

Craig "That's What I Like About the South" Morrison (from the forthcoming book *Rockabilly Music and Its Makers*).

SKINNY PUPPY

by Joe Public,

photos by Owen Egan

THIS IS A TRUE STORY — Go back about a month: Skinny Puppy are playing the Spectrum. I manage to catch Kevin Key, the man behind most of the music proper, for an interview during a break in the sound check. We've only just sat down in the rear dressing room when someone knocks — they need Kevin back on stage. He leaves me alone in the empty room.

Empty? Not quite. Looking around I see myself surrounded by a variety of grisly figures. A bloodied mannequin, and length of coiled intestine, a blackened crib, a scorched doll, a noose, even a dead rat. A first-hand inspection of singer David Oglivie's dime-store bluts and gud stage paraphenilia! I play with the intestine for a while. But I soon become distracted.

You know how bands get all sorts of hors d'oervish food backstage? I suddenly discovered myself standing in front of about ten pounds of it. Not having eaten lunch, I lit into it, eating quickly for fear of discovery.

Too quickly... Soon, a large piece of ham lodged itself deep in my face flush-red from lack of oxygen. Gasping, I crawled across the floor, grapping a garbage pail and hacking above it. The mannequin loomed menacingly overhead. Coughing and choking, I spewed pink phlegm fleckled with bits of pig flesh and sinew. Finally, the bulk of meat dislodged itself, ejected violently from my throat, sliding menacingly to the bottom of the pail. I gasped madly for air.

Throughout the episode I couldn't help thinking that choking to death in Skinny Puppy's dressing room was one of the stupider ways to die. Furthermore, I was haunted by the thought that I could have become one of their best tour stories ever. "Remember that kid we found dead in our room back in Montreal?".

Those of you who don't know much about Skinny Puppy might have trouble understanding why it would be more embarrassing to die in Skinny Puppy's dressing room than, say, Paul Simon's. Not that having to explain what you were doing in Paul Simon's dressing room in the first place wouldn't be difficult, it's just that, well, Skinny Puppy are sort of "into" death.

They've been called everything from death rock/bop/disco to maggot music. It's an easy label. Their music is riddled with taped church bells, horror flick extracts, and their imagery is dark, "grave-oriented" (?).

Kevin on death rock: "It seems to be an unfortunate term that's placed on music that happens to be focussing on intense levels, or dark imagery. We're not necessarily dealing with death, but with depression and despair. You have to take it to the extreme. People have to find a descriptive word for where it sits, and death just seems to say it all. I'm not into death (per se), I'm into life, in the sense of making things better. Everything is the seed of its opposite, death brings life".

Okay, depression is nice, so is despair, but what are you really trying to prove with the blood and all that...

"What we project musically has a lot to do with the self, and how bad you can get with yourself. It's not about outward violence, but inward violence, how one can really destroy oneself without even showing it really. People can be all smiles and happiness on the outside, but inside a bundle of nerves and jello.

"We tend not to focus not so much on politics in the typical sense, but the impact of everything on the person, the everlasting effects of a life with no happiness, no hope."

The first wave of industrial bands, however, carried proper proletarian credentials. Throbbing Gristle were from districts which were essentially industrial wastelands. Cabaret Voltaire were apparently influenced by the sounds of pounding industrial machinery working twenty-four hours, permeating even their dreams. Vancouver is not exactly an industrial region...

"Vancouver, however, has an incredible unemployment rate, and a welfare system that doesn't believe in giving people a fair chance. When you're out of work, they really hassle you a lot. I think a lot of our initial pain and suffering came on that level — a couple years of it and you're ready for the loony bin."

Oh wow! Music that portrays the bleak interior of the human psyche, hidden below the encrusted layers of forced optimism. Perhaps a fitting analogy for the plastic society that hides the victims of its exploitation in jails and ghettos.

"As far as other industrial bands go, we've come in contact with virtually everyone in that vein, they'll come to gigs of whatever. There hasn't really been a band that hasn't come forward and said 'I like this or that', so the acceptance at that level has been no problem. From the rest of the people, it's basically the same. We all grew up on the same stuff, the same exposure to industrial music like Throbbing Gristle, it's just an extension of that.

Down to the music proper. The first Montreal Skinny Puppy gig, at Foutounes in November 1985, had no live drumming. Perhaps an attempt to spice things up a bit...

"All along in the studio we've been using

live drums, we still use drum machines, but with a mixture of live drums. It's about half and half in the live shows now. It's good to present the human element. Synthesizers and that whole genre have been classified as inhuman, cold and bleak'.

Whereas Skinny Puppy isn't cold or bleak...

"I think we're trying to give it a warmer feeling. Most of the sound you hear is manually played stuff. It's important to present that. Some people are really 'uh-uh drum machines'." (You know who you are).

One of the most general problems with the industrial genre, however, is that live shows are a fucking bore. The music is perhaps too intense to absorb standing in a crowd of people. It's often the sort of stuff you can only really get in moments of general alienation. Skinny Puppy work their way around this to some degree with their stage theatrics. However, the Spectrum greatly reduced the effectiveness of the drama.

One of the more amusing aspects of Puppy gigs is watching the crowd. They get a surprising number of walkouts. When David started playing with the dead rat, he lost at least three dozen. However, at both Foufounes shows, they had at least one person faint. No such excitement at the Spectrum.

"We actually had to stop a gig because some guy wouldn't let us continue the theatrics. Everything Ogre (Ogilvie) did, he was trying to fuck up for him. One prop that we used at the time was a severed mannequin head. To him, it represented too much of a female mannequin head, he considered it abuse towards women, and was getting violent about it. He took us all on."

Not a concern to be brushed off too lightly. Skinny Puppy are generally okay, but a lot of the industrial fetishization of violence is ill-disguised misogyny. Somehow, doing a musical excavation of the subconscious, some bands only unearth pubescent insecurity.

Speaking of pubescent insecurity, conversation turns to Heavy Metal. The riff on Dig It, in particular, has an interesting similarity to certain Mettalica sounds.

"I don't mind Heavy Metal that much, generally speaking. Except that you hear it, and the guitar sounds great, the drums sound great, and all of a sudden the vocals start, and it's the same screech, and the same stupid lyrics. It seems they're afraid to really push things, to take it to the limit, and explore new sounds, ideas.

So we wrap up the interview. David asks me if I'm hanging around for a while. No, I say, why I've got to run home and crimp my hair before the show. I shoot a meaningful glance at the crimping iron plugged in, sitting on the dressing room table. "That's not a crimping iron," says David, "It's a hair straightener. Come on, we're not into that Gothic shit anymore."

ON TAPE

by Paul Bisson

Bewildered listeners: " How come I can't find some of the interesting music I hear on CKUT in the record store?" Concerned CKUT executive: " A lot of fab stuff comes into the station on cassette only. Many bands either can't afford to commit themselves to vinyl or else a record label hasn't recognized them yet. CKUT comes to the rescue by playing these unknown but nonetheless potentially great artists."

The above conversation did occur. Names have been witheld to protect the innocent. Enough gibberish, this is KRAK's sparkling new and hopefully regular article dedicated to exposing those demo tapes we receive from bands all over the known world (but usually from Canada). Our DJ's are always playing demo tapes and you our faithful listeners know very little about the artists. This article hopes to dispelthe mystery that surrounds our material on cassette. It's the listeners interest and support that will help in getting these bands on vinyl, so if your interested in something you have heard on tape, give us a call.

I'll be featuring from four to six demos per article, but of course don't expect me to faithfully follow my own rules. To inaugarate this momentous occasion Calgary band SAME DIFFERENCE becomes the first tape I introduce to your eyes and ears. Four members does this band consist of. Janine Bracewell is the vocalist of the powerful variety. Her vocal work is by far what distinguishes this band from any other. Her voice is full and strong and at times reminds me of Maria McKee of LONE JUSTICE, but Maria's voice still wins out. Diane Vitalis plays that six string instrument and gives a jazzy sound of the utilitarian variety> In other words nothing spectacular. Dave Follet plays that shakey percussive instrument , the congas, and provides the band with a latin texture. Their are no drums and their philosophy is that with drums the sound would be too thick. They prefer the airy, spacey feel that the lack of full percussion gives. Diane Kooch completes the rythm section with her bass guitar.

Overall, SAME DIFFERENCE sounds like JEFFERSON AIRPLANE revisited with a slight touch of 10,000 MANIACS (that is as long as the MANIACS sounded jazzy instead of folky). The vocals on this tape are impressive, but their overall sound is only slightly impressive. It's only a matter of dreaming up more exciting instrumentation.

Next in line is an interesting fellow from Ottawa by the name of Steven Naloo. I may be cheating a little bit by including him in this column because his tapes can be found in some record stores, but what the hell; he needs the exposure anyway. Steven is a singer/song writer and part of the new folk revival. His music has a sense of humour a la Loudon Wainwright and is also politically timely a la Woody Guthrie. The cassette I have here before me is actually two singles. One is called " The Posties (are striking)" and it describes the problems of a postal strike with wit. It tells the story of a man whose wedding plans were ruined because of a letter that arrived too late. The song is complete with kazoo and something resembling tubular bells. The second song is entitled " Me and My Headache". It's all about Steve's problem and that problem is that he is extremely chemical sensitive. He can't stand car or smoke exhausts and therefore we are doomed to forever hear him on cassette or vinyl. The selections on this cassette are intelligent and fun and if you like folk this is an artist you should be searching out for your collection. By the way one of his tapes is available by mail order if you are willing to part with $ 10. It is called *Secrets of the Village Earth* and can be obtained at this address: MIRROR PUBLISHING, 62 Renfrew Ave., Ottawa, Ont. K1S 1Z5.

I'm going to break my rules already and finish this article off with one more band. Toronto based ORCHESTRA PAAVOLA has been in existence since 1985 and they engineer and produce their own cassettes. They are about nine people and that includes a person on bass, one on drums, several on horns, a couple on guitar, a few on vocals, and one on keyboards. There sound is a hybrid between soca/calypso, reggae, Latin, funk, and probably a few more. This stuff is fun sort of festival music. Perfect sound for the summer. All you need is a tropical drink and a shady tree.

That's it for this issue. In the future I've suddenly realized I want to feature not only demos, but any material on cassette that is not readily available. So stayed tuned to this spot for developments in the world of music on cassette. By the way, if you are a budding artist with material recorded on tape send it to CKUT c/o Paul Bisson (Asst. Music Dir.) 3480 McTavish St., Montreal, Que., H3A 1X9.

Owen Egan

WILDLIFE DYING OUT?

I'm against musical homogenization, which is a lot of what you hear on the radio, on TV music awards shows, at straight gigs, in the supermarket. Musical distinctiveness, energy and character get rounded off into a safe, bland, predictable formula. Personal distinctiveness, energy and character are also getting rounded off by urban dwelling, the economy, the government, and the church, homogenizing most of society. Nowaday, you have to really stand up for your right to be different, if you have any "different" left. Anyway, in music, the main homogenizing agents I can see are:

1) the influence of money on musicmakers
2) being unaware or out of touch with musical/cultural roots.
3) the efforts of people who genuinely like to homogenize music.

I'm concerned with rectifying the 2nd point, I don't have much interest in those who belong in #3, but right now the rest of this here rant is about #1.

Take the band business: for the most part, you can't get a gig without a band and you can't get (or keep) a bandwithout a gig (once a certain level of proficiency/expectation is reached). I've met a number of players, often fabulously good ones, who don't genuinely like music anymore; it's just something they know how to do, that they use to make money. The life of a band, a real band, is rehearsals, gigs, and recording; producing something from and about your life with similarly-minded people. But rehearsals don't pay (and sometimes cost if you have to rent a space), gigs usually pay very little, and recording often costs. So a real band is a labour of love. How do musicians survive? Good question. There's a number of local singers/musicians who have enough reputation or to find gigs—some visible (as in newspaper listings, posters) and some invisible (unannounced in small pubs and semi-private spaces or out of town)—who then make up their band from a pool of local musicians, everyone trying to fill their schedules to gig (play and pay) as much as possible. There is the cover band scene, the "tribute to" approach; these bands are working, at least. Then there is the cover-band-slips-in-a-few-originals trip. There are studio cats doing sessions and jingles. Then there's the "day-job" route: you don't make much (or any) money from your music, so you're free to make whatever and however. Another phenomenon is players being in two (or more) bands. But many of these are not real bands, they are loose money-making projects, manned often by mercenaries, one step above jamming. Rehearsing is time consuming and people need money. And the money is low. Montreal in general is not a great city for live music, because it does not value live music as a part of day-to-day life. Here's a cheer for metro and street musicians who do their part to make it so.

However, there seems to be a certain welcome rise in activity on the local music "scene". We have a few places to hear bands—stable clubs like Tatou, Station 10, Foufounes, and Cafe Campus have helped a lot. As well, we've had important short-lived and sporadic venues. The jamming scene is in decent shape, at the Rising Sun and at the Tatou—though primarily blues oriented, the host musicians are flexible and open to other styles—providing a needed meeting ground for musicians and music lovers, and a place for younger players to get one more experience of performing. Plus it is a healthy sign to see bands putting on their own shows at places like L'Usine. But the good news is there's a couple of disco clubs—Secrets and Poodles—now offering live music nights. Because live music is slowly becoming hip (again), they probably want to keep up the cool. Live music's "hipness" now comes from its liaisons with other media: lots of local vinyl, radio, press, reviews, TV, some videos. We thank local record companies, CSRG/ Rear Garde, McGill RAdio/Krak, Montreal Mirror, Voir, CHOM's New Music Foundation for the local band feature, the Gazette and La Presse, Duncan McTavish of VOT records for the Montreal New Music Festival, and many others past and present.

But here's the big BUT: "if there ain't no audience, there just ain't no show" (so sang The Collectors in the 60's). The audience, the scene, is small but it's out to find itself, communicate, participate. All this is encouraging, but it could really develop with continued nurturing.

What happens in our limited scene is that there's a lot of competition between bands for gigs. So bands accept low pay or risk taking the door or a percentage of the bar just to have an outlet to perform. This makes a conflict for many musicians; whether to take the commercial band approach (band"x" + slot "y" = money) or the alternative band approach (hi, this is our music =did we make enough to get home?). And that brings us back to homogenization.

We enjoy live music that's distinctive, energetic and full of character, that communicates to us, but we have to support it too. We need our adventurous, wild, rootsy, quirky, and individualistic bands; musicianship doesn't hurt either. Bands that are a labour of love, that express something from the inside, that scratch the surface. When, somehow, a band like that does manage to survive, for example Ray Condo and his Hard Rock Goners, it toughs it out as best it can, makes records, but hits Toronto and other foreign gigs for real money. We thank them and all those that continue for giving us an excuse and reason to celebrate ourselves in this "macro bio" big world, and providing a place to do it, preserving a little wildness, the "preservation of the world" as Thoreau says.

So, I urge you to go (and bring a friend) to a club to hear live music (and don't sneak past the door person), meet people, talk to them, be part of the wildlife, be yourself and FIGHT HOMOGENIZATION!

Craig "Deacon" Morrison

TOP 30

	ARTIST	ALBUM	LABEL
1.*	D.O.A.	True (North) Strong and Free	*Profile*
2.*	Jerry Jerry	Battle Hymn of the Apartment	*Pipeline*
3.	Sonic Youth	Sister	*SST*
4.*	BAB	Bab	*Bone*
5.*	Vent du Mont Scharr	Vent du Mont Scharr	*Ultimatum*
6.*	Sons of the Desert	Sons of the Desert	*Dessert*
7.	Berurier Noir	Abracadaboum	*Folklore*
8.*	NoMeansNo	SEX MAD	*Psyche*
9.	That Petrol Emotion	Babble	*Polydor*
10.	Big Black	Headache	*Touch & Go*
11.*	Fail-Safe	Fail-Safe	*Indie.*
12.*	Skinny Puppy	Cleanse, Fold and Manipulate	*Nettwerk*
13.*	A Neon Rome	New Heroin	*Right-Side*
14.	Mojo Nixon & Skid Roper	Get Out of My Way	*Enigma*
15.	The Dead Milkmen	Bucky Fellini	*Enigma*
16.	The Saints	All Fool's Day	*Capitol*
17.*	The Vogons	Kiss Me Under the Missle Toad	*DTK*
18.	Michelle Shocked	If Love Was a Train (EP)	*Cooking Vinyl*
19.*	Change of Heart	Slowdance	*Fringe*
20.	Meat Puppets	Mirage	*SST*
21.	Various	The Wailing Ultimate	*Homestead*
22.	X	See How We Are	*WEA*
23.	Live Skull	Don't Get Any On You	*Homestead*
24.	10,000 Maniacs	In My Tribe	*WEA*
25.*	Mick Farren	Who Shot You Dutch?	*Spectre*
26.	The Replacements	Pleased to Meet Me	*WEA*
27.	Weather Permitting	Into the Ground	*VOT*
28.	Echo and the Bunnymen	Echo and the Bunnymen	*WEA*
29.	The Cramps	RockinandReelininAuckland...	*Vengeance*
30.	The Fuzztones	Live In Europe	*Fringe*

* = CANADIAN

Compiled by Gary Shapiro - Music Director
Paul Bisson
John Ormiston - Asst. Music Director

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